

Spirit of the Race Looks Out Unexpectedly From a Meek Face

SWORDSMITHS

BY M. L. C. PICKTHALL

FOR years Riordan had given his hard labor to a hard land and to nothing else. During those years when he fought toward success a cigar box had contained the minimum of sentimental personal possessions the loneliest cannot escape. When success came, it came to a perfectly solitary man relying only on himself, and in his own eyes owing no man, woman, nor God anything.

He had drifted to the boarding house in Beech street, a little bewildered in his leisure. He stayed on because the little soft, whispering life of the place fascinated him. There was only one man besides himself, old Mr. Jennings. The others were all old ladies, and old ladies apparently entirely disconnected with life—little ornaments, broken off and waiting for the dustpan. And of these old ladies, only Mrs. Dauncey and Mrs. Lane Fraser seemed to be friends.

Nothing so elemental as friendship, as he understood it, could have sheltered faded, formal bond united these two.

He watched them of evenings with incisive, amused eyes. He wondered why life had any place for such people, that was all. And somewhere at the back of his mind was a gladness that his own life was perfectly clean-cut, self-contained, untrammelled with any futile relationships. Fancy being the son, the nephew, the kin of any of these—of Mrs. James, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Dauncey, or Mrs. Lane Fraser! Such a connection would be like trying to walk with his feet wrapped in their interminable skeins of wool.

Something soft like a kitten rolled and bounced against his ankle. He looked down. It was Mrs. Dauncey's ball of wool. He picked it up and returned it to her. He asked gravely, "Is it a shawl?"

"A sweater for my son." Riordan leaned back. He was abashedly surprised. It had absolutely never occurred to him that Mrs. Dauncey might be bound to life by the strongest of all ties—that of having given it. She went on, "If it doesn't do for Hal, I'll let Len," and with another sly look, Riordan thought, "Mrs. Fraser has a son, too," before Mrs. Dauncey finished heavily, "Halston and Lennox are friends."

Riordan was silent and he felt pity. To have been so immensely connected with life. And to end like this, at Beechcroft.

"You been up north much, Mr. Riordan?"

Mrs. Fraser's nervous little flat voice. He looked at her, a gleam under his shaggy brows. "Yes, I know the north pretty well."

"You know Kwanusum, Mr. Riordan?"—I don't think there's a silk as a good match, Mrs. Dauncey.

Struggling with absurd readjustments, Riordan said slowly, "Yes, I know Kwanusum."

"It was there the boys first met. They're the same old story."

Desperately Riordan tried to picture these women's sons—at Kwanusum. Something safe in a bank, the manager of a drygoods store, the minister of some entirely unemotional sect, but—Kwanusum.

Quite suddenly, and in conventional words he could never remember, Mrs. Dauncey in the parlor at Beechcroft was telling him the story of that meeting.

THERE are hills to the east of Kwanusum, hills to the west, covered with low scrub which turns in the fall to flaming rose, orange and magenta. Lennox Fraser came to the river from the east, making for Fort Dismay in the west. The river freezes here sooner than anywhere else, because of an island in the middle of the river, a rocky island that holds the flow. Fraser sat down to wait until it should freeze over and give him passage.

While he made his camp under a screen of shivering scrub, he noticed something awash on the river bank. It was a small dugout, stuck in. He climbed the low earth cliff and looked about. Presently he saw a weak thread of smoke rising from the island in midstream. Some one had been trying to cross the river in a dugout and had been wrecked on the island. Fraser wondered who it was. It was Halston Dauncey.

That night Fraser lighted as large a fire as he could, to let the other fellow know there was help at hand. The red light plunged profound opal gleams in the water and made the rocks of the island glow. Fraser watched. In a little while he saw that there was a man sitting on the rocks and staring toward his fire. He stood in front of it and raised his hand. The man on the island did the same.

Fraser calculated it would be three or four days before the ice would hold. Until then, he could not reach the island. He could do absolutely nothing for the fellow on the island but keep alive those strange fires of comradeship and assurance.

It took him half his days to collect wood. As soon as it was dark, he would light the pile, and the other man would come from the crannies of the island and watch it. So for three nights. On the fourth the temperature dropped lower, and in the small hours Fraser took his pack and a long pole and crossed the island on a heaving, groaning bridge of grounded logs, lighted by the leaping of the flames of his fire.

He found Halston Dauncey alive in a cranny with a half-frozen scrap of biscuit in his hand. Fraser took off his pack, shouldered Dauncey instead, and carried him across the ice on the other side of the island to the western shore. Then he fetched his pack. By that time the fire on the eastern bank had died down, but Fraser had no going on the western shore. He shaved Dauncey out and fed him all he dared. He seems to have said to Dauncey, in a tone of ridiculous gratitude, "Say, but I'm glad you didn't let go!"

Fraser nursed Dauncey a day. They could not stop longer because of the grub. But Dauncey said he felt fine. He made about three miles the first day.

The second day Fraser found it was all he could do to get Dauncey along. He was on quarter rations, you see. He wouldn't, of course, let on to Dauncey, but Dauncey knew, and Fraser saw fit to take an old Colt.44 Dauncey had away from him while he slept. Next day they made about four miles. Toward the end of those interminable and perfectly unrepresentative measurements of arbitrary distance, Dauncey dropped and fainted every few hundred yards. No reference was made to this. Fraser re-

spected Dauncey's feelings. He said the weather was going to clear, and again asked Dauncey how he felt. Dauncey, breath whistling through blue lips, said he felt fine and not a bit hungry. When Dauncey dropped and could not get up, they camped; not before.

WHILE Dauncey slept, Fraser climbed a hill behind the camp, looking for familiar landmarks. There were none. The hills, humped like frozen cattle against the strange flare of the southwest, were dying to him. Somehow, somewhere, in that trackless expanse, he had missed the way.

He had, when he picked up Dauncey, just enough grub to get one man into Fort Dismay, with a tight ball of that. Now there were two of them. And he did not know exactly where Fort Dismay was.

He said nothing about this to Dauncey.

Next day he was half carrying Dauncey again, struggling on in the direction where he thought the fort was likely to be. They had nothing to eat but a few beans and some coffee.

The writers of those books whose heroes shoot buck and grouse and things every day have never been in Kwanusum, the Land of Always, just after the first snow.

They camped early. Fraser could not sleep that night. He was too hungry and Dauncey was moaning with cramp in his sleep. In the morning the snow commenced. Dauncey looked as if he were dying. He moved, doubled up like an old Siwash. Fraser, who now loved Dauncey very much, and had no idea where the fort was or should be, wondered if he ought to pray that Dauncey would die in his sleep.

The next day Dauncey was very far gone, and it still snowed. Fraser tied a rope to his blanket and bound Dauncey in the blanket and dragged him that way. The snow was soft; it pushed in ridges under Dauncey's weight. After an hour or two Fraser was surprised to find himself lying on the ground with his mouth half full of snow. He wondered how long he had been lying there. He crawled—it was too much trouble to stand up—he crawled back to the figure in the blanket and said, "Hello, Hal; how do you feel?" But there was no answer. Dauncey had quit breathing just then. Fraser thought, "I guess this ends it." Then he looked up and saw the cabin.

Just a square, log-built cabin, such as you find anywhere in the north. The gates of the New Jerusalem couldn't have started Fraser more. He crawled to it and peeped through a slit in the logs. He saw a very small stove, glowing red, and three men sitting round it, quite motionless. They were enormous men, giant in their furs. They sat as still as stone, their hands on their knees, exactly as the stone kings of the Nile sit and stare into the centuries. Fraser made some sound at the window and all three turned their heads and stared at him together, without otherwise moving. And the three faces revealed in the dusky red glow were quite black.

He went in. They just sat and stared at him. They showed no curiosity, no sympathy. It was as if he were not even known he also was a man. They were like terrible great images. Under the circumstances their immobility was monstrous. Their black faces revolted him. He said angrily, "There's a man out in the snow, sick. You—help me fetch him in."

They did not move.

A flash of bright white rage, like a flash of steel, thrilled Fraser from head to foot. He went up to the nearest of those huge black shapes and struck it—him—in the face. It was a blow that would not have shaken a child. Fraser was weak, weak; and at best he was a little fellow, weighing some hundred and thirty pounds, and twenty-two years old. He struck the huge black shape, and instantly, with a low whining sound, the ponderous figure collapsed upon itself, rolled over and fell on the floor at his feet. The others did not move.

THEN Fraser understood. All the giant mechanism of their physical strength was there, but they, too, were starving. In their huge primitive flesh suffering had quenched the immortal spark. They were no longer men. They were dead, though they had a kind of being.

But if his own spirit was strong enough he might lay his will upon them. He might breathe into them the breath of life and perhaps save Dauncey.

He went to the nearer of the two seated negroes and gripped him—it by the shoulder and shouted loudly, "Come on! You must! You've got to! Come with me!" He shouted till he was trembling, dripping with sweat, gasping for breath. But he felt the tremendous triumph of a veritable act of creation when the negro rose tottering from his place and very slowly followed him out into the snow.

Fraser led him to where Dauncey lay. He said, with his teeth clenched, his hand his hysterical trembling, "Lift him up. Take him in your arms." He said it over and over, thrusting his face into the black face, so wildly strange among the furs. At last the negro slowly obeyed. Groaning, he lifted Dauncey and staggered to the cabin with him and laid him down by the stove. Fraser shouted at them, "Food! Do you hear? Something to eat!"

Slowly and feebly, the negro, who had not yet moved, lifted from the floor a tin pan and held it out to Fraser. Fraser snatched it. He turned it to the light and looked into it. It contained gold.

Nothing but gold. Gold from the size of coarse flour to nuggets as big as a sparrow's egg. This was all they had. There was gold in the cabin, but no food.

He gave the pan back in silence. In silence he brought out, under the eyes of the three starving negroes, the food remaining in his pack; very little. He thrust some cold beans between Dauncey's lips. He heated coffee—all he had left—on the stove; he gave most of it to Dauncey, who swallowed it without knowing he did so. The rest he divided into four parts. He drank some himself and gave the rest to the three black men. He was terrified at its effect. On



FRASER TURNED THE PAN TO THE LIGHT AND LOOKED INTO IT. IT CONTAINED GOLD.

their hunger and emptiness the bitter sting acted like wine. They regained a life that was not of his giving—a life monstrous, dangerous. They stirred, gazing at him wolfishly. Showing nothing of his fear, he said loudly, "Tomorrow we will go to Fort Dismay."

The night was like a long sickness. He dared not sleep. He dared not release those three mechanisms of bone and sinew from the control of his own animating will.

IN the morning Dauncey lived. Fraser was very weak. The negroes sat as before round the stove and the pan of gold. Fraser said to them, "Now we'll go on to Fort Dismay." Pointing to Dauncey, he said, "Lift him up. Carry him."

He gathered within himself the whole force of his soul, of his love for Dauncey. His spirit flashed and struck at them like a blade. Like images endowed with reluctant obedience, they stirred at last. They dragged themselves erect. Two of them lifted Dauncey. They swayed out of the cabin into the snow, carrying him. Fraser lingered behind a few minutes. They had not realized his absence when he came staggering after them.

They went on. In reality, it was only he who went on, his soul animating one white body and three black ones.

BY GENE THOMAS.

Remember that time is money. —BEN FRANKLIN.

UNCLE SAM will be glad to see you tomorrow morning when the government employees are late for work. Because those 132 are only one-fourth of 1 per cent of the many thousands of employees Uncle Sam has in more than 133 offices in the District of Columbia.

Never before has the percentage of tardiness been so low, chief clerks of the executive departments said last week.

So Uncle Sam has a good reason for patting on the back the punctual 92.75-100 per cent of his Washington force. And his pat carries assurance that, as tardiness has fallen, efficiency ratings will rise correspondingly when next promotion time comes around, chief clerks said.

"In the Treasury Department, having approximately one-third of all federal government employees in Washington, tardiness has decreased more than 50 per cent during the past year," W. G. Platt, chief clerk, said. His department, more than any other, dismisses from service frequent late-comers, but no such penalty has been meted out for over a year.

War Department employees may be proud of the record for promptness they are making this year. An example is the adjutant general's office, having 1,050 employees, one-third of the entire War Department force. From last January 1 to mid-August, 190 working days, these employees had a chance to record 199,500 cases of tardiness. They actually recorded 487, giving the large office a tardy average of 24-100 of 1 per cent or making it 99.75-100 per cent punctual.

The best punctuality record yet produced was made by the Post Office department, month before last. It was 99.85-100 per cent punctual. Its 2,000 employees tallied only 89 cases of tardiness during July's twenty-six working days.

"The State Department has not once had to discipline any of its employees for tardiness during the past twelve months," Ben G. Davis, chief clerk, said. Similar reports and declarations that tardiness is at the lowest ebb in their memory came from chief clerks of other departments.

NEVER tardy during fifty-nine years work is the inspiring example Richard H. Cook, lieutenant of Agriculture watchman, gives those just acquiring the "on time" habit. This record is unparalleled, his associates say. "It's just natural for me to be on

time. I rise regularly at ten minutes to five, eat breakfast, and go straight to work. Folks who can't get to office by 9 a.m. would be late if work started at 10 a.m.; the record-holder said.

"I expect to reach next February 1, the sixtieth anniversary of my appointment, without a single tardy mark."

Lieut. Cook's home, 816 Jefferson street, Brightwood Park, is far from his post of duty. His working hours are 6:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., instead of 9 to 4:30 shift. But even these conditions never made him late.

Not only punctual, but early for

work, are many of Uncle Sam's employees. A Treasury Department sub-chief, who died recently, used to reach office at 5 a.m., Lieut. N. M. Wagner of the Treasury watch force, said.

"A Treasury clerk appeared at office before 8 a.m., although not due until 9 a.m., every day until he was retired. We had to keep him in the watchmen's room until 8 a.m., because clerks are barred from offices until then," Charles Hargis, captain of the watch, said.

"Hundreds of Treasury Department employees daily enter the building before 8:30 a.m. Over three-fourths of

the building's force have arrived by fifteen minutes of nine," Capt. Hargis estimated. "Clerks come to work half an hour early? What makes almost all of the 53,000 government employees in Washington punctual every day?"

"Prompt arrival of department heads brings clerks to work on time," Robert S. Regar, chief clerk of the Post Office department, believes.

"An employee dislikes having his chief see him arrive late twice as much as he does having watchmen or fellow workers note his tardy. So, if he knows the chief will be at work at 9 a.m., he will be twice as likely to be there at 9 o'clock, too. Besides, rules are obeyed better if they apply to chief and clerk alike."

"Ambitious workers like to be 'on the job' when the boss arrives, so a chief's promptness causes early arrivals. Punctuality begins in department heads' offices."

Regar and his own department furnish a good example of this. He never has been tardy during fifteen years in the postal service and the Post Office department punctuality record excels all others.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE and his cabinet are setting the executive departments unusually fine examples of starting to work early.

The President always is in his office by 9 a.m. and sometimes is there as early as 7 a.m. Half of the cabinet are at their desks before 9 a.m., and all but one are working by 9 o'clock. Their hours of arrival, as given by their secretaries, are:

Attorney General Daugherty, the only cabinet member who arrives after 9 o'clock, makes up for his late start by regularly working until 7 p.m., sometimes until midnight, a practice familiar to those in the legal profession.

Secretary Work, earliest of our working-cabinet, owes his 7:30 a.m. start to Mrs. Work. She rises in time to fry the doctor's bacon and eggs.

Secretary Davis was the earliest worker in the cabinet during the first year of the Harding administration. He reached his office at 7 a.m. then, but two years ago he set his arrival back an hour, thereby surrendering

of Always with a sword of flame. The blacks turned and stared. Their mouths opened. They set Dauncey down in the snow. Reeling, they came to Fraser. They threatened him monstrously with great dreamlike gestures. He faced them, smiling. He pushed them away. He said, "Now you'll have to go on. The cabin'll be burnt down in five minutes."

Fraser had fired the cabin. Unless they found the fort, there was now no refuge for any of them.

They went on—his living will went on in its four half-dead bodies, carrying Dauncey.

"And the next day they came to the fort," said Mrs. Dauncey. "I don't think you have that stitch just right, Mrs. Fraser."

Riordan looked at their smooth heads, their folded bands of gray hair, bent together over the embroidery. He looked round the parlor. Everything was just as it had been; the inept furniture, the foolish ornaments, the muffled windows, the veiled lights, and the inept, foolish, muffled bodies of the old women.

He said abruptly, "How did he do it?"

Mrs. Dauncey's lips moved. She was counting stitches for Mrs. Lane Fraser. They seemed hardly aware of his words, so intent were they on the embroidery. And, after all, he

Riordan did not really wish to ask any questions or elicit any comment on the supreme achievement. Of all men in the world, he was best fitted to appreciate that achievement. He never knew how much of it he had heard from Mrs. Dauncey, or how much his own inner knowledge, his sense of the inevitable, had supplied.

Suddenly Mrs. Fraser spoke, in her apologetic fluttering voice: "Len and Hal are friends, you see."

Riordan waited, wondering what was to come.

"And I always said to Lenny, 'I don't care what you do, you can always come and tell me about it. I don't care what it is.' I said to him, 'You can quit going to church, and you can gamble on horse races and—and you can dance with girls at cabarets—her voice faltered—but you can always come and tell me about it. And I won't be ashamed of you. But don't you ever come to me, Lenny Fraser, and tell me you've gone back on a friend.'"

She lifted her head and looked at Riordan. And from her meek, foolish face looked for one moment the spirit of the race. For one moment he read there a mysterious wisdom, a passive invulnerable strength beside which he felt his own strength as a breath of wind, for hers was rooted in eternity. Then the revelation was gone.

his former distinction to Secretary Work.

"Such leadership, certainly is largely responsible for boosting government departments' punctuality to within .0025 of perfection," Chief Clerk Regar of the Post Office Department stated.

"The late beginning of the government working day is a factor which promotes tardiness," Ben G. Davis, chief clerk of the State Department, said. "Nine a.m. is late enough to make punctuality easy. As a boy I started to work at 7 a.m. and was on time always."

S. J. Gompers, chief clerk of the Department of Labor, does not agree with Davis.

"Start the government working day at 8 a.m. instead of 9 a.m. and punctuality would be even nearer perfect. The long time between sun-up and 9 a.m. encourages us to take an extra nap, shop, or recreate—things which increase our chance of being tardy," Gompers said.

"I worked in the government printing office, where the day starts at 8 a.m., twenty years, and was tardy only three times. I've worked here, starting at 9 a.m., a much shorter time, but have been late three times already."

For the .0025 of his force, which can not be inspired to be on time, Uncle Sam has a prod. He gives the task of eliminating tardiness from government ranks to the chief of the appointing division, internal revenue bureau, the largest bureau in the Treasury Department.

"Some persons do not try hard to curb tardiness. Given a free trip to Europe, they would miss the boat. The government service is better without them."

WHILE chief clerks supervise notation and punishment of tardiness they turn over all but flagrant cases to appointment clerks, personnel chiefs or division chiefs.

Employees must be at their desks as well as inside office buildings by 9 a.m., all departments require.

To detect violations of this rule, the Department of Justice uses its ablest agents, William J. Burns, investigators who check the honesty of "Time of Arrival" sheets, filled out by clerks themselves, by noting the time employees enter the building and reach their desks.

When and how these investigations, lasting one or two weeks, are conducted is known only to Chiefs Burns and Strong and the Department of Agriculture has a similar investigation service, commanded by Chief Clerk Robert M. Reese.

The Treasury Department is the only one which every day arrests tardiness at building entrances. Promptly at 9 a.m., all doors of the Treasury building, except the central entrance of Miss Tardy Treasury Clerk is not allowed to pass through this entrance until she has signed a tardy slip, furnished by watchmen, the minute at which she arrived has been stamped on the slip by a time clock, and the slip has been sent to her chief by the watchman.

Furthermore, her absence from her desk at 9 a.m. is reported to her chief by the division time clerk. Thus Miss Tardy Treasury Clerk's arrival is doubly noted.

Because the many clocks in the Post Office Department follow the habit of the four large clock faces at the top of the post office tower—differing in time registered—a bell is rung at 9 a.m. in this office. Hearing the bell, time clerks note which employees are not at desks and report them to chiefs.

Notation of employees not at desks by time clerks is the method of observing tardiness employed in the War, Post Office, Agriculture and Commerce departments and in some Department of Labor offices.

In other Department of Labor offices employees themselves, punctual and tardy alike, sign the time they arrived on sheets posted below or near clocks. This practice is followed also in the State, Justice, Navy and Interior departments.

Time sheets, both those made up by time clerks and those signed by individual employees, are sent to department chief clerks soon after 9 a.m. Then comes consideration of employees' excuses for tardiness.

"We hear odd excuses for tardiness sometimes," Ben G. Davis, chief clerk of the State Department, recalled.

"One young lady in the State Department reached her desk about two minutes after 9 o'clock several mornings in succession. When asked to explain, she said that the street car she boarded regularly never reached the State, War and Navy building before 9 a.m. and

But when, almost immediately, Riordan rose to say good-night, the room in which he stood was changed. Its closed clock was that of a foundry after the casting is done, its stillness that of a forge when the last blade is tempered and tested.

HE had good night in a changed voice to Mrs. Dauncey and Mrs. Lane Fraser. They were so busy with the silks they hardly heard him. He went toward the door, lingering a moment beside the bookcase. R. L. S.—was it R. L. S. who had that poem about the woman, the smith forging the sword at home, and those swords traveling the world far from her? R. L. S. was not on the shelves of Beechcroft, however. Riordan went upstairs.

He sat on his bed some time, thinking of a young man whose soul was a steel blade, true as steel. Before he slept he opened his new trunk and from it he took the cigar-box that had accompanied all his bitter years.

From the cigar-box Riordan took the faded picture of the woman who had borne him.

He looked at it with humble eyes, while in his mind he saw the woman, the smith forging the sword at home, and those swords traveling the world far from her? R. L. S. was not on the shelves of Beechcroft, however. Riordan went upstairs.

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she could not get to her office from the street car stop in less than two minutes.

"Street cars passed her home every five minutes, but apparently it never occurred to her to take an earlier car."

A YOUNG night law school student recommended by a highly satisfactory workman, was late the first four days he worked in the Post Office Department.

"I overslept," he told his disappointed chief. "I've always had some one to wake me at home and I can't afford to buy an alarm clock until I receive my first pay check."

"Your first pay check may not be large enough to pay even your room rent, if you do not arrive at work on time," the chief replied.

The youth was on time after that. Perhaps he told his landlady his plight and she, anxious for her rent, woke him.

Reasons for tardiness always are demanded in writing from late employees of the Treasury, Post Office, Commerce and Labor departments. In other departments, if the latecomer can orally convince his division chief that his tardiness does not warrant recording, he does not have to supply written evidence of his late arrival.

Tardiness never is excused by the Treasury, Post Office, Commerce and Labor departments. They hold that an employee, not previously excused in writing, who is absent from his desk at 9 a.m. is tardy and must be so recorded.

The other departments, State, War, Justice, Navy, Interior and Agriculture, do grant excuses.

Chief clerks differ over the justice of this.

"Storms and traffic delays are occurrences beyond control of employees, so lateness caused by these factors should be excused," said F. S. Curtis, chief clerk of the Navy Department, one of the six departments which overlook tardiness under certain conditions.

"Not to excuse tardy those who reach office late is to discriminate against the punctual," S. J. Gompers, labor's chief clerk, held.

"Storm and traffic tie-up can be overcome. Most of our clerks, especially those living farthest from the office building, refused to be made late by the blizzard which brought down the Knickerbocker roof and stalled traffic."

"Those who live near the building or who have only a short ride to work sometimes fail to allow themselves a few extra minutes when weather is inclement, but that is not reason enough to excuse their tardiness and rob the punctual of their reward."

"Federal Trade Commission folk tell how one of our SAC special examiners, Nelson M. Barrett, will not let storm and traffic make him tardy. When weather is threatening Mr. Barrett starts for office at 7 a.m., so that if street cars are tied up he will have time to walk and arrive before 9 o'clock."

Six of the executive departments, State, War, Justice, Interior and Agriculture, consider overtime work on a previous day an automatic excuse for arriving after 9 o'clock the next morning.

None of them, however, allows abuse of this privilege. Should time between 9 a.m. and an employee's arrival be greater than the length of his overtime work, or should he make late arrivals more frequent than late departures, he is reprimanded by his supervisor and marked tardy.

"Difference in time registered by various office clocks and elevator delays excuse slight tardiness in the Interior Department," George S. Scott, appointment clerk, said. These alibis usually are worthless in other departments.

THREE general penalties have been prescribed for tardy employees. The most severe punishment is reduction of an employee's efficiency rating, which may lead to failure to receive promotion; demotion, or even dismissal. Less serious penalties are deduction of salary and loss of annual leave.

Two of these penalties an employee receives every time he is late. His efficiency rating is lowered and he loses either pay or annual leave.

The Department of Commerce is the only department which "docks" its employees' wages for time lost by tardiness. At the end of each year it accumulates the number of minutes each employee has been late and his next pay check is curtailed accordingly. It generously ignores minutes which division chiefs decide were lost unavoidably.

The nine other departments deduct minutes tardiness consumes from latecomers' annual leave. The War and Navy departments allow this time to accumulate until the end of the year, and then subtract only the actual number of minutes lost. If a latecomer's annual leave is exhausted at the end of